

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

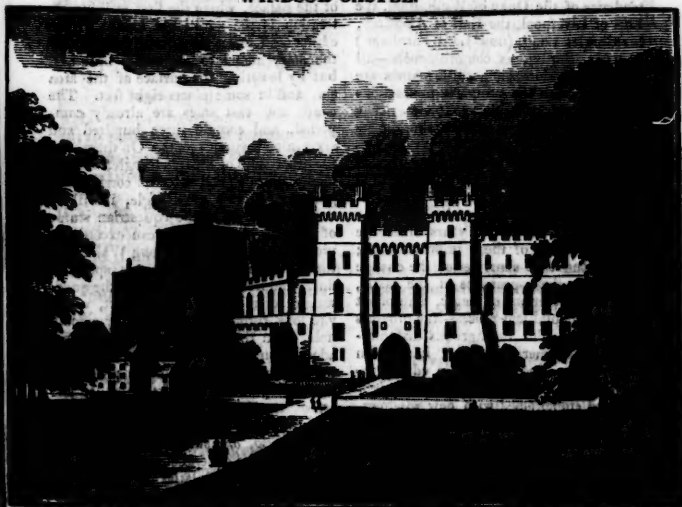
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Architectural Illustrations.

WINDSOR CASTLE.



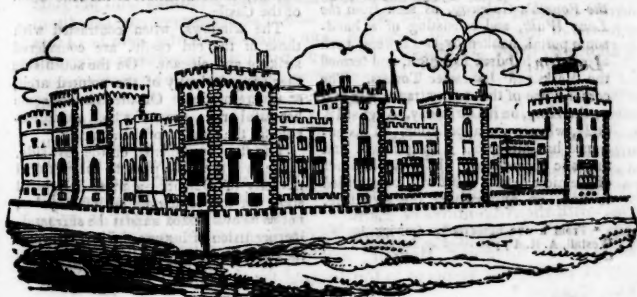
KING GEORGE THE FOURTH'S GATEWAY.

Our readers, or, to quote Shakspeare, our
"Friends now fast sworn,"

will probably recollect one of our previous Illustrations to have been a picturesque view of Windsor Castle, as it appeared on the re-establishment of the court within its walls by his present majesty. Appended to this engraving will be found an historical notice of the castle,

• See No. 22, vol. ii, Mirror.

and its progressive improvements to the year 1823; so that our present object is to furnish our readers with a tolerably correct idea of the renovations that have taken place since that period; and in the same "spirit of improvement" we invite them to a comparison of the accompanying embellishments with the former view. It should, however, be premised, that the late king, George III., did much to re-



store Windsor Castle to its original character; but the improvements were suspended during the calamitous affliction of their royal originator. One of the first acts of the new parliament, after the accession of his present majesty, was a munificent grant of 300,000*l.* for renovating the whole building, under the superintendence of the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Charles Long, (now Lord Farnham,) and Mr. Baring, as commissioners—all men of superior taste, whose names are associated with the proudest productions of art, in this and other countries. The architect selected by the commissioners was Mr. Jeffry Wyattville, with the special approbation of his majesty, who, in his knowledge of the fine arts, (apart from his royal prerogative,) is the *capital* of this coterie of taste and genius.

It is now about two years since the commencement of these improvements; and during that short period the change effected in the appearance of the castle, resembles rather one of magic, than of art with its gradual and process-like progress of design. The incongruous disfigurements of former "repairs" have been swept away, and the whole edifice reconstructed, elevated one story throughout, and embellished with new windows, towers, and gateways, of striking magnificence and uniform keeping. In general character it is far from resembling the puny palaces of our times, overloaded as they are with ornament, or starved into affected simplicity of design; but the Castle of Windsor, as far as completed, is a bold and massy group, blending the harmonies of art in all the requisites of a palace, with solidity and splendour, and in every respect, worthy of the residence of royalty. In a few words, the style of the building is old, while its new material will enable it to endure for centuries, and perpetuate the exquisite taste of its illustrious renovator.

The *First View of the Series** is the grand southern entrance, styled *King George the Fourth's Gateway*, as seen from the *Long Walk*, and consisting of a handsome portal, flanked by two towers, each about one hundred feet high, and termed the York and Lancaster Towers. The corner-stone of this new entrance was laid by the King, on his birth-day, August 12, 1824, whence its appellation. This entrance has altogether a magnificent and majestic appearance; whilst the admirer of the nicer details of art will be gratified to find, on approaching the structure,

that "the architectural costume of the olden time" has been followed with strict fidelity. The machicolations (apertures supported by corbels or brackets, for pouring down melted lead, &c. on a besieging enemy) are described by an architectural writer as strikingly characteristic. This gateway leads into the *Great Quadrangle* of the palace, where the first striking alteration is the additional height of the edifice—an effect produced, not only by the story added to the whole building, but by lowering the surface of the area six, and in some places eight feet. The south and east sides are already completed, and contain three hundred and sixty-nine distinct rooms. On these, and the other sides of the quadrangle, will extend a spacious and splendid corridor and gallery. In this quadrangle, it will be remembered, stood the equestrian statue of Charles II. Nothing can exceed the picturesque effect of the *Long Walk*, seen through the portal from this spot; in finish and freshness, the sides of the quadrangle resemble a grotto of Art, whilst you look through the arch, as by a loophole, upon the noblest walk in England, adorned on each side with majestic trees, the richness of whose foliage presents a most invigorating contrast of nature and art.

Our *Second Engraving* represents the *Front View, or South and East Sides* of the Castle, the general effect of which is a happy union of palatial with architectural stability,—not altogether the ordinary associations in such structures. Here, on the left hand, are seen the York and Lancaster Towers; the King's Tower; to the right, the Chester, Clarence, and Black Prince's Towers; immediately abutting which, but round the north-east angle, is a new octagonal tower, rising one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the terrace, and the most distinguishing feature of the improvements. This tower has been named by his Majesty, the *Wyattville Tower*, complimentary to the architect of the renovation of the Castle.

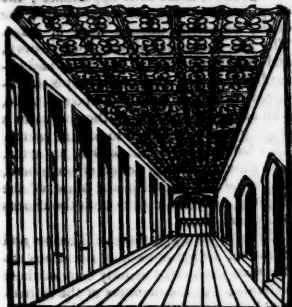
The windows, when contrasted with those of the old castle, are considered striking and elegant. On the south side they are principally of the pointed arch, or square headed. On the east are some beautiful oriels, some of which are noticeable for the richness of their tracery.

The state apartments, on the east side, range over the little park to the peaceful rusticity of Datchet—a most delightful scene for the contemplation of Royalty, not to be overlooked amidst the surrounding profusion of luxury and art. Beyond the old walk, immediately under the win-

* From a new lithographic drawing by W. Westall, A. R. A., published by Engelmann and Co.

down, a noble bastion extends many hundred feet into the park, uniting with the north and south terraces. On the north-east corner of the included area, an orangery is in progress, near which will be a garden for the special use of his Majesty. These appendages to the Castle, though comparatively unimportant, are characteristic of the Royal taste for the elegancies of rural retirement, to whose amusements his Majesty is known to be much attached.

The north and west sides of the palace are in a forward state, and, to judge from the celerity with which the south and east sides have been finished, the renovation of the whole pile will be completed within the next year. As an item of the costly character of the improvements, it is stated the cost of a new roof for St. George's Hall (the old roof being decayed) will be about £20,000; but this noble fabric is even worthy of ten times that outlay.



Our *Third Engraving* is a specimen of the interior, being the *Long Gallery*, of which the above is a perspective view. This gallery is at the rear of the King's private apartments, on the eastern side, and is five hundred and twenty feet in length: the ceiling (as our Engraving implies) is divided into square compartments, in the centres of which are bold pateras of various designs, richly gilt and burnished. The great doors and windows are filled with plate glass. The gallery communicates with the King's apartments adjoining, and with the several towers. At the south-east angle, where there is a private entrance for his Majesty, Mr. Wyattville is stated to have contrived a new staircase, in itself a triumph of art, especially as the construction was impeded by peculiar difficulty.

The general style of the *exterior* is what is termed Gothic; but from the barbarous ideas which artists usually attach to that denomination, in this instance

it is hardly conceived sufficiently pure for the new exterior of Windsor Castle. A writer in the *Mechanics' Magazine* seems disposed to call it the "Decorated English of the fourteenth century," which term he quotes from Mr. Brewer's introduction to "*The Beauties of England and Wales*." On the whole, the exterior, as far as completed, appears to be entitled to unqualified praise. Of the *interior*, it is feared so much cannot be said; but it is allowed that the inconvenient and closet-like rooms of the old castle have been displaced by apartments of dimensions and splendour, fitted for the seat of the first court in Europe. The simplicity which has been observed in their arrangement has, however, been overstepped in their decoration. But these are matters of minor importance, and easily admit of re-consideration.

Windsor Castle has always been a favourite palace of the Sovereign and people of England. Deformed as it has been by incongruities of style, we have been accustomed to look upon it with interest, from its antiquity; and as the abode of our Sovereign, with the warmest affection. So many great and glorious names are associated with its history, that a single glance at its towers never fail to excite a host of grateful recollections. Its founder, William the Conqueror, appears to have had equal veneration for the beauties of nature, as he had for fame—since he is stated to have chosen it, on account of its "elevated and pleasant situation, as a place of strength." Edward the Third rebuilt nearly the whole of the castle, or, rather, entrusted its erection to the truly great William of Wykham. Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and Henry the Eighth, the magnificent Elizabeth, and the gorgeous Charles the Second, are also among its renovators; in our own times, George the Third contributed his improvements, and closed a well-spent life within its walls; and we wish that his illustrious successor may live long to enjoy the consummation of his labours.

Thus far the palatial splendour of Windsor, which is only exceeded by the natural beauties of the surrounding scenery. What can transcend the diversified richness of the prospect from its terrace, the finest in the world, and flinging all the finery of the terrace at Versailles into comparative contempt. Foreigners, who resort to Windsor by hundreds, acknowledge this superiority: what then must be the feelings of Englishmen, as they stony the suburbs with Shakespeare and Herne's Oak, in the Park; the Forest where "Pope sung;" Eton and her classic

sons; with "Father Thames" winding through a landscape of unequalled luxuriance and beauty; and innumerable other attractions, that at length carry the mind's eye beyond the idle glare of crowded cities, and above the intoxicating dreams of their pleasures.

THE GREEK DRAMA

(For the Mirror.)

Of all the nations of the earth, few perhaps, were ever so infatuated as the Egyptians. They, like various other nations, lost sight of their Creator; and, from that inclination to adore, which seems natural to man, soon led these superstitious people to the worship of celestial and terrestrial objects. Among their celestial objects were the sun, *Osiris*, and the moon, *Isis*, which they looked upon as the primary and eternal gods, and celebrated festivals to them in the most solemn manner.

Strange as this may seem for an introduction to the drama, yet by the sequel it will be seen that it is quite necessary; for, from this idolatrous and superstitious race the Greeks, and from the Greeks the Romans, derived some of their most celebrated deities; and it was the festival celebrated in honour of one of these deities which led, in the first instance, to the origin of the drama.

Danaus, a son of Belus, joint king with his brother Ægyptus upon the throne of Ægypt, having quarrelled with his brother, set sail in quest of a settlement, and after a time arrived, with his fifty daughters, near the city of Argos, of which, after a short time, he became king. Here he introduced festivals in honour of Bacchus, synonymous, as some think, with the Egyptian Osiris. Those festivals soon became general through all Greece; but, owing to the ill state of literature at the time, the songs were very mean, and the festivals were conducted in the most licentious manner. But in after times, when literature had made some progress among the different tribes, and these licentious revellings had in a great degree disgusted the manners of the Greeks, which began to be somewhat refined, and the origin of the god Bacchus became known, they gave him the appellation of Dithyrambus, and the odes sung at the celebration of these festivals Dithyrambs.

Now, as the Athenians were always encouragers of learning, they were the first to hold out a prize to him who should compose the best Dithyramb *extempore*, which was delivered in the most enthusiastic manner imaginable.

The first prize offered was a goat, *τράγος*, and he who gained it had the

honour of sacrificing it to the god. Therefore every piece which was afterwards introduced upon the stage, and wherein the life of any person was taken, was denominated tragedy, that is, *τράγου ὁδὴ*, the song of the goat.

Some years after a second prize was offered; a cask of wine for him who should spout, *extempore*, the best comic song in honour of the same god, each competitor having his face besmeared with lees of wine. As these comic performers were not countenanced in the city, but compelled to remain in and about the villages near Athens, the name of *village song*, *τράγους ὁδὴ*, and sometimes *village song*, *κώμης ὁδὴ*, was given them. From the latter name is derived our English word *comedy*.

These scenes had for many years gratified the Athenians, when, on a sudden, two men, of mean births, and of the same town, Icaria, made their appearance; the one, Thespis, mounted upon a cart; the other, Susarion, upon a kind of stage. The first chose his subjects from history, and Susarion attacked the vices and absurdities of the times. Thespis introduced a singer, mounted upon a table, who addressed himself to the chorus in a singing strain, and they to him in return. This led Thespis to think that an actor, who should recite an action of some hero, might be introduced in the midst of the singing, and thus relieve both the chorus and the auditors.

Prior to the appearance of Thespis and Susarion, dithyrambs and licentious satire were the strains usually sung at these festivals; but the manners of the Athenians becoming still more refined, and they deeply enamoured of the pieces these actors produced, betook to the composition of tragedies and comedies.

Among the disciples of Thespis was Phrynicius; and he, to improve his master's art, introduced a woman's character, and changed the metre of the verse from trochaic to iambic.

In this state tragedy, if indeed it could be so called, remained until the age of Æschylus, who, in fact, was the "father of tragedy."

First he introduced the dialogue, B. C. 480; and secondly, diminished the length of the chorus-song; for the chorus was now made subaltern in the play; and the subject of its song no longer pertained to the god Bacchus, but partook of the subject of the play. Æschylus also added to and greatly improved the scenery; for, instead of huts, dens, woods, caves, &c., he represented cities, palaces, altars, tombs, &c., in which he was greatly assisted by his engineer, Agatharcus. Æs-

chylus also had a proper theatre built, selected nobler subjects than his predecessors had chosen, and thus he introduced a chief character or hero of the piece, whom he raised upon the *Cothurnus*, or buskin; invented masques, and introduced splendid habits with long trains.—(Vide *Aris. art. poet.* iv.; *Hor. art. poet.* 278.)

When Æschylus had written several tragedies, another tragic writer made his appearance — Sophocles, a man about seven, or, as others affirm, seventeen, years younger than Æschylus. He conceived the happy idea of adding a third actor, which Æschylus afterwards adopted; indeed, Æschylus sometimes introduced a fourth, though contrary to a rule laid down by Horace.

The chorus consisted originally of fifty; but owing to the terror and dismay which it spread through the whole assembly one evening, when the *Eumenides* of Æschylus was performing, on account of the terrific appearance of the snakes which were entwined in their hair, the magistrates thought it expedient to diminish its number, decreeing that it should consist of fifteen only.

Æschylus also dressed his characters, but the same dresses answered for all pieces. This Sophocles remedied, and each man was clad consistent with the character he played.

As to comedy, few writers attempted this species of composition; and as this was not cultivated till many years after the production of tragedy, all the improvements which were added to tragedy were introduced into comedy. J. T.

A PATHETIC LAY.

(For the Mirror.)

Sax where the woodman, at his ease,
Directs his steps to yonder trees,
With axe upon his shoulder;
And to his own full purpose staunch,
He will destroy them root and branch,
Ere they are one day older.

Oh! what a wicked faller, he
First of their arms deprives each tree,
Lest they to shoot should offer;
Nor will he leave their leaves alone,
But strip them naked every one,
While none relief will proffer.

With many hacks he acts his part,
Such conduct cuts them to the heart,
Which does but more delight him:
A very hardened dog is he,
Or else the bark of every tree
Would from his purpose fright him

From every yew he hews a stake,
And gives a chop—strange he should make,
Oh! can it be believed?
Such ill return for all the boughs
Each individual tree avows
From them he has received.

How groveling his ideas must be,
Who first proposed this dire decree,
That pop'lar taste abashes:
Each willow there was weeping fast,
And every shivering ash at last
Look'd quite as pale as ashes.

The little twigs, all wondering, try,
But cannot twig the reason why
They should be so ill treated:
The oaks, indeed, so said the folks,
Declared that it was all a hoax,
But found themselves outwitted.

How many winters have they pass'd,
Outbraving every stormy blast
That threaten'd their undoing;
But blows like these they never can stem,
Although their stems are stout—to them
It must prove certain ruin.

Their trunks will into trunks be made,
And neatly finish'd by the trade,
As any one desire would;
(Such treatment sure with anger dire
All generous, pitying breasts would fire.)
The rest cut up for fire-wood.

The hapless crows and rooks are driven
From home, and yet no reason given—
How great their melancholy;
No cause assign'd their grief's assuage,
Such treasonous war on foliage
But shows an age of folly.

Then sycamore and solemn yew,
And oak and elm must all go too—
My time fast out is running;
So, reader, though I much deplore
Their fall, lest you grow sick & more,
I'll now desist from punning.

PASCHÉ.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following anecdotes of this distinguished character, collected from two or three works of his time, will, I trust, be interesting to your readers.

Canterbury.

ROBERT F—Y.

Sir Thomas More rose to the lord chancellorship of England in the reign of Henry VIII., and was beheaded in 1535, for denying that king's supremacy. His body was permitted to be buried, first, in the church of St. Peter, in the Tower, and afterwards in Chelsea church, where it now lies; but his head was set upon a pole on London bridge, and was afterwards privately bought by his daughter Margaret, the wife of John Roper, Esq., who resided at St. Dunstan's, without the walls of the city of Canterbury, and was preserved by her in a leaden box with much devotion. When she died, the head was placed in a hollow part of the wall of the church of St. Dunstan, with an iron grate before it, and adjoining the vault of the Ropers.

When Sir Thomas first went into the service of Henry VIII., the king gave him this godly lesson, "First look unto God, and then after unto me."

When he was speaker of the parliament, with his wisdom and eloquence he so crossed a purpose of Cardinal Wolsey's, that the cardinal, in a chafe, sent for him to Whitehall; where, when he had danced attendance for a long time, the cardinal coming out, said in the presence of many, "Master More, I would you had been at Rome when you were made a speaker of the parliament house." He immediately replied, "And if it pleased your grace, so would I, for then I should have seen a famous city, whereof I have heard much, and read much, but never saw."

The same cardinal, at a full council-table, when Sir Thomas was first made privy counsellor, moved that there might be a lieutenant-general of the realm chosen for certain considerations. The body of the council inclined thereunto; Sir Thomas More opposed it, which so vexed the haughty cardinal, that he said, "Are not you ashamed, who are the meanest man here, to dissent from so many honourable and wise personages? you prove yourself a plain fool." Whereupon Sir Thomas replied, "Thanks be to God that the king's majesty hath but one fool in his right honourable council."

When he was lord chancellor, he enjoined a gentleman to pay a large sum of money unto a poor widow whom he had oppressed. The gentleman said, "Then I do hope your lordship will give me a long day to pay it."—"You shall have your request," said Sir Thomas; Monday next is St. Barnabas, the longest day in all the year; pay it then, or else you shall kiss the Fleet."

Being asked, after his condemnation, and before his execution, whether he had changed his mind, he said, "Yea, for I thought to have been shaven, but now, seeing I die so shortly, I will let my beard grow."

When he was in prison, and his books and papers taken from him, he shut his chamber-windows, saying, "When the wares are gone, and the tools taken away, we must shut up shop."

When he went to be executed, a certain woman offered him a cup of wine, which he refused, saying, "Good woman, Christ in his passion drank gall and no wine."

When he was to mount the scaffold, he said to one of the sheriffs, "I pray thee help me up, as for my coming down, I take no care."

When the hangman (according to his custom) requested him to pardon him his

death, he answered, "I do forgive thee with all my heart; but one thing I will tell thee, thou wilt never have honesty in cutting off my head, my neck is so short."

When Erasmus, having visited Sir Thomas More, was about to return home, Sir Thomas lent him a favourite horse to convey him to the coast; but, instead of returning the horse, Erasmus took it into Holland, and, in return, sent More the following epigram:—

Quod mihi dixisti
De Corpore Chris
Crede quod edas, et edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
De tuo palfrido,
Crede quod habeam, et habes.

This conveys a severe satire upon the zeal of Sir Thomas for that miraculous dogma of the Romish church, *transubstantiation*. A smart and pithy translation is requested.

The Contemporary Traveller.

RECENT EXCURSION TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(From a Correspondent, in *Brewster's Journal*.)

WE left Naples about eleven A.M., and having arrived at Resina, found Salvatore ready to accompany us. We mounted asses, and after a long ride during torrents of rain, reached the hermitage on the side of the hill at one o'clock. The road so far is very rugged, with many detached fragments of lava; but the great bed of the latter is now resuming marks of alight verdure. The habitation of the monks itself is placed on a projection from the mountain of tufa rock, formed in the year 1779 by the eruption, and lies so towards the crater, that, though the lava flows on both sides, the eminence itself is left untouched. When we arrived here the weather appeared to be clearing, and, as we had plenty of time to ascend and see the sun set from the top, we remained some time with the holy fathers, and the afternoon answered our expectations. When almost fair, we set off and pursued our way on asses towards the cone. Our road (if such it could be called) lay over an extensive bed of lava, partly formed in 1822. A more desolate scene can scarcely be conceived; rugged, rising grounds, with craggy, convulsed dells between, all formed of this hard, black, monotonous, and frightfully romantic lava; the very Tartarus on earth, whether we imagine it burning with sheets of liquid fire, unquenchable by human means, and rolling down its dread, resistless tide, or whether we see its wide convulsed remains, its indescribably horrid, desolate,

uninhabitable aspect. It seems as if the elements of nature were exposed to light, and one chaotic spot left amidst the richness of creation. Passing this dreary tract, we reached the bottom of the cone at half-past two, where we left our beasts and ascended on foot. It is composed of productions of the volcano itself, and the exterior is quite coated with loose cinders, which render the ascent very laborious, as you often sink back till you are above the angle in these loose materials. I ascended it in forty minutes. When we reached the brink of the crater, we found it full of smoke and fumes, while the strongest sulphureous smells prevailed. We rested and refreshed ourselves for some time in a hot crevice, where we left several eggs to roast, and then advanced round the south brink of the abyss, and had a tolerably easy walk for about half its circumference, during which we heard occasionally noises like thunder proceeding from rocks every now and then giving way from the slides in vast masses, whose fall is reverberated and renewed by the echoes of the vast cavern. At length the edge of the crater grew much lower, forming a gap in the side of the cone next to Pompeii, which we first descended, and then scrambled inwards towards the centre of the mountain, being a fall on the whole of 1,000 feet.

In this gulf nature presented herself under a new form, and all was unlike the common state of things. We were, in truth, in the bowels of the earth, where her internal riches are displayed in the wildest manner. The steep we had descended was composed of minerals of the most singular, yet beautiful description. The heavy morning rains were rising in steam in all directions, and had already awakened each sulphureous crevice, while almost every chink in the ground was so hot, that it was impossible to keep the hand the least time upon it. But this sensation was in unison with the objects around; the great crater of the volcano opening its convulsed jaws before you, where the rude lava was piled in every varied form, in alternate layers with *pozulana* and cinders. Below us the newly-formed crater* was pouring forth its steamy clouds, and at every growl which labouring nature gave from below, these volumes burst forth with renewed fury. At our feet, and on every side, were deep beds of yellow sulphur, varying in colour from the deepest red orange, occasioned by ferruginous mixture, to the palest straw-colour, where alum predominated;

* A small crater burst out in the bottom of the large one on the morning of the 18th. This excursion was on the 21st of November.

and beside these, white depositions of great extent and depth, which are lava decomposed by heat, and in a state of great softness. Contrasted with these productions of beauty, we find the sterner formations of black and purple porphyry, which occasionally assume the scarlet hue from the extreme action of heat; add to this the sombre grey lava, and that of a green colour glittering throughout with micaceous particles, with the deep brown volcanic ashes, and you will have a combination which, for grandeur and singularity, must be almost unparalleled. It is singular enough, that, among so many sulphureous fires, we should have suffered from pinching cold. At the lowest point to which we went, the thermometer stood at 43 10-2. We employed ourselves for a considerable time in collecting the finest specimens we could obtain of the above-mentioned minerals. We then retraced our steps in this descent, which proved considerably laborious; and after gaining the top, visited a crevice a little way down on the outside of the cone, opened within the last forty days, which, though about one finger broad, and not much longer, admits a current of air so tremendously heated, that, on laying a bunch of ferns quite wet with the morning's rain upon it, they speedily were in a blaze. Resuming the edge on the summit, we returned the way we came to the top of the descending path, and on our way saw the sun set in a very splendid manner, illuminating the distant islands of Ischia and Procida, the point of Misenum, and the bay of Baia, with his last rays. Having eaten our eggs, we descended the cone; being rather dark I made no particular haste; but on a former occasion I went down the cone with great satisfaction in four minutes. Had there been fewer stones I could easily have gone quicker. We left the top about half-past five, and having taken our cold dinner at the hermitage, we descended to Resina by torch light, and reached Naples safely at half-past eight o'clock.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.

To say that those bright, rapid flashes of what appears prophetic intelligence, named *presentiment*, are produced by a latent taint of superstition, is to elude the question. They have been confessed by men of the sternest intellect—by the sceptic and the Christian, the hero and the poet—by Bacon and Johnson—by

persons of the most dissimilar character—by the most energetic of modern men, and by the highest genius of modern times. Napoleon's faith in his high destiny, his peculiar *star*, though a vague, appears to have been a permanent and even an influential belief.

Many *visible* presentiments rest upon authority so good as to be not a little troublesome to those who would explain them all implicitly on natural principles. The well-known story related of Dr. Donne by his affectionate biographer, Isaac Walton, very easily admits of a natural explanation. In France, Donne, at midnight, saw the vision of his wife, then in England, pass across his apartment, carrying in her arms a dead infant. But Donne had recently left his wife, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and in spite of her earnest entreaties and gloomy forebodings of evil from his absence; and her superstitious and womanly fears increased his natural apprehensions for her safety: he foresaw a very probable event. But, embarking on a fine morning with a gay bridal party—all around him joy and hope—whence arose the feeling, the *presentiment* soon fatally accomplished, which made a pious clergyman, the father of the patriotic Andrew Marvell, throw back his walking-stick to the land, exclaiming, as the boat left the shore, "Ho! for heaven!"

Stories of supernatural intelligence of the death of friends at a distance are familiar to the recollection of every person, both from reading and conversation; and that the solemn presentiment of the most awful event of life is not only frequently entertained, but very accurately verified, must have been observed by every attendant of the dying, who, as they approach the confines of the invisible world, will often, with inexplicable exactness, fix the day and hour of final dissolution. This presentiment of the hour of death is most generally experienced by those who, best prepared for their great change, are calmly resigned to the event of death or life, and seldom by those whose agitated and feverish minds might be presumed to realize their own diseased and imaginary fears. Where shall we seek for an explanation of this supernatural impression, or of this preternatural acuteness of expiring sense, if we refuse that of the poet:—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

The story of the requiem of Mozart is singular, as shewing the power of a gloomy presentiment in realising itself in an enervated mind and a debilitated frame. But

there are numerous instances of heroes and soldiers, men of the greatest moral and physical courage, who have fought bravely in many fields, entering on their last battle with the fixed presentiment of the death which they certainly encountered. Brave men have entertained this foreboding feeling for their friends and comrades, and have seen it strangely realized. Our own Nelson, who, to an active and energetic mind, united a warm and enthusiastic temperament, whose soul was ever feelingly alive to every impulse, had not only the avowed presentiment of death as strong as that of victory, on the twenty-first of October, the battle-day of Trafalgar, but after having kept the same station watching the French fleet for many months, and very closely for weeks and days, he entertained the firm persuasion that this very day, the anniversary of a festival in his family for a victory obtained over the French, was to be the day of action. The combined fleet of France and Spain, which had played off and on for nearly two years, moved at last from Cadiz, and formed in order of battle; and, on the day he foresaw, Nelson fought, conquered, and fell, as his prophetic feelings had predicted. It is worthy of notice, though out of place, as a proof of the universality of this foreboding feeling, that on this brave man's taking leave of his wife for the last time previous to his forming that infatuated attachment, which embittered his remaining life, and sullied his public fame, Lady Nelson experienced that strong impulsive feeling of impending misfortune, which led her to anticipate his death, but which was interpreted to her mind by an event yet more painful—the alienation of his affections, and the destruction of their domestic peace. The circumstance is noticed by Nelson's biographer, Mr. Southey.

A remarkable instance of presentiment is given in the "Life of Wolsey," by his favourite and faithful attendant, Cavenish. The unfortunate prelate, when seized with his last fatal illness on his journey to London, predicted, or prophesied, his own death at eight o'clock of a particular day. The chime struck as he breathed his last—and his attendants, remembering his prediction, gazed on each other. The "Memoirs of Bayard," written by the Loyal Servant, record a very striking prediction of the death of this illustrious knight at the battle of Ravenna remarkably fulfilled; and Sully relates an instance of a presentiment of death experienced by the "fair Gabrielle," the beloved mistress of Henry IV., which appears to have even affected the cool, sensible, and faithful minister whom he

power over the king had so often vexed. —The king, who was not willing to incur the censure of keeping this lady with him during the Easter holidays, entreated her to leave him to spend them at Fontainebleau, and to return herself to Paris. Madame de Beaufort received this order with tears; it was still worse when they came to part: Henry, on his side, more passionately fond than ever of this lady, who had already brought him two sons, and a daughter, named Henrietta, did himself equal violence. He conducted her half-way to Paris; and although they proposed only an absence of a few days, yet they dreaded the moment of parting, as if it had been for a much longer time. Those who are inclined to give faith to presages, will lay some stress upon this relation. The two lovers renewed their parting endearments, and in every thing they said to each other at that moment, some people have pretended to find proof of those presages of an inevitable fate.

Madame de Beaufort spoke to the king as if for the last time; she recommended to him her children, her house of Monceaux, and her domestics; the king listened to her, but instead of comforting her, gave way to a sympathizing grief. Again they took leave of each other, and a secret emotion again drew them to each other's arms. Henry would not so easily have torn himself from her, if the Marshal d'Ornano, Roquelaure, and Frontenac, had not taken him away by force. At length they prevailed upon him to return to Fontainebleau; and the last words he said were to recommend his mistress to La Varenne, with orders to provide every thing she wanted, and to conduct her safely to the house of Zamet, to whom he had chosen to confide the care of a person so dear to him."

Her presentiment was realised, for she died a few days after she had parted from the king.

The omens and forebodings that preceded the murder of Henry IV. himself, are quite too marvellous to be of much weight. The well-known story of the warnings given by those beautiful little dogs whom this popular monarch—who seemed endowed by nature with the rare quality of attaching every living thing that came near him—used to fondle and play with, is one of those relations which imagination loves to entertain in despite of reason and probability. But the grave narrative of Marshal Bassompierre is entitled to more attention. It proves that Henry, who was far superior to the vulgar superstitions that influenced many of his courtiers, possessed, with other high

mental qualities, much of the quick intuitive perception inseparable from acute and energetic minds. The state of this monarch's mind places the doctrine of presentiment in its true and rational light. On the May-pole planted in the court of the Louvre falling down from no apparent cause, a few days before his assassination, a gloomy conversation arose among the courtiers about this disastrous omen.

"You are fools," said Henry, who overheard them, "to amuse yourselves with prognostics. Learn from me never for the future to care about omens and predictions, which are vain and frivolous. For the last thirty years all the astrologers and quacks have predicted every year that I should be killed. In the year when I do actually die, all the presages that occurred in the course of it will be remarked and put into histories; and those who predicted my death will be thought great and wonderful persons, while nothing will be said of the omens of preceding years."

It was in this manner Henry regarded prediction, even while he had a strong presentiment of his own murder, and of the manner of its accomplishment. About the time of his death, he was on the eve of a journey into Germany.

"I don't know how it is, Bassompierre," he said, "but I cannot persuade myself I am going into Germany."

"Several times," continues Bassompierre, "he said to me, and to others also, 'I think I shall die soon;' and the day before his death, after the coronation of the queen, when he seemed in very high spirits, this was repeated to Bassompierre and the Duc de Guise."

"My God! sire," said one of the courtiers, will you never cease to afflict us by saying you will soon die? These are not good words to utter."

"Yet, though this great and wise king had no superstition, and laughed at omens and divinations," continues the marshal, "he not only, by a particular sort of inspiration, foresaw his death, but even the manner of it, and the place where he should be killed. He had always the apprehension of being killed in his carriage by some melancholy madman. Those who rode with him will testify, as I can, to have heard him say, that there was no place more dangerous than that, to be attacked and wounded, and that the only men he had to beware of were gloomy madmen; for no wise man would undertake such an action."

It would scarcely be a fair instance of presentiment to mention that Swift, a man of the most unbending and masculine understanding, through his whole life fore-

boded the gloomy and furious madness in which he ended his days. To a mind so acute, bodily complaints, and the obvious tendencies of a violent temper, might have made this appear no improbable event; but it is more remarkable that the dean of St. Patrick's, of a character so decided and thorough-going, should have kept the letter announcing the sudden death of his friend Gay in England, in his pocket, unopened, for some days, from the presentiment that it contained intelligence of some heavy misfortune.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector.

AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless Sea!
Let me launch my Soul on thee.
Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.
By a single glance of thought
Thy whole realm's before me brought
Like the universe, from naught.
All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new;
Time nor tide thy powers subdue.
All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.
All thy wonders are reveal'd;
Treasures hidden in thy field!
From the birth of nature seal'd.
But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy limpid surface plough
With a foam-repelling prow.
Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.
Here a breeze, I skim thy plain;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.
Where the billows cease to roll,
Round the silence of the pole
Thence set out, my venturesome soul!
See, by Greenland cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled;
Yet the mother loves her child;—
And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All life's charities dwell here.
Next, on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-falls roar,
Devastating all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man, the heir of all things, roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and lere
But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled Liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England, hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy good
Waters fields upbought with blood,
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like the Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life, with fruits of gold!

No—a curse is on the soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil
Man degrades, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck, I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexican bay;
Slavery there hath lost the day.

Lo! the voice of Freedom spoke;
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a dungeon broke.

South America expands
Mountain-forests, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gilding through Magellan's straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a spectacle awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Keys from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamant hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car.

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamchatka's headlands run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,
With bewild'ring thought I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms unchanging, stagnant mind;
And the same they leave behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phoenix-nests, and halcyon-seas;
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we low New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls;
—World of undiscover'd souls

Bring them forth :—'tis heaven's decree;
Man, assert thy dignity;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between;
Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Went an empire,—lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield her sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the gulph of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Wooed the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre's fled,
And the Angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thy lead.

Where thy Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes, from dreary sands,
Bless the night, with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There a hero's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell;
On that theme all thine shall dwell.

But, henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future—"here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves;
Oh! 'twere mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves.

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold,—

Land of negroes! would I dare
In this felon trade to share,
Or its infamy to spare.

Hercules, thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land;
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where at Cato's word of fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate :—

Mark the dens of caltiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars:
—Fly the desecrated shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm,
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
—Slaves turn'd scorpions hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shore,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
There art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent.

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud;
Thy resolute head is bow'd:

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
From her Capitoline hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
—Look well, tyrants, to your chains.

Federal realm of old romance,
Spain, thy lofty front advance,
Grasp thy shield, and couch thy lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant Bigotry shall fly:
At thy voice, Oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dast,
Shake thy locks; thy cause is just,
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore;
Thou art not the France of yore;
Thou art now-born France no more.

Great thou wast, and who like thee?
Then mad-drunk with liberty;
Now,—thou'rt neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland, like the blast;
One quick glance at Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia;—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany, beware the day,
When thy Schoolmen bear the sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest Isle beneath the sky,
To my heart as in mine eye!

I have seen them, one by one,
Everywhere beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blast;
Britain, thou'rt my home—my rest;
—My own land, I love thee best.

The Annet.

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON.

By Leigh Hunt.

LORD BYRON'S face was handsome; eminently so in some respects. He had a mouth and chin fit for Apollo; and when I first knew him, there were both lightness and energy all over his aspect. But his countenance did not improve with age, and there were always some defects in it. The jaw was too big for the upper part. It had all the wilfulness of a despot in it. The animal predominated over the intellectual part of his head, inasmuch as the face altogether was large in proportion to the skull. The eyes also were set too near one another; and the nose, though handsome in itself,

had the appearance, when you saw it closely in front, of being grafted on the face, rather than growing properly out of it. His person was very handsome, though terminating in lameness, and tending to fat and effeminacy; which makes me remember what a hostile fair one objected to him, namely, that he had little beard; a fault which, on the other hand, was thought by another lady, not hostile, to add to the divinity of his aspect,—*imberbis Apollo*. His lameness was only in one foot, the left; and it was so little visible to casual notice, that as he lounged about a room (which he did in such a manner as to screen it) it was hardly perceivable. But it was a real and even a sore lameness. Much walking upon it fevered and hurt it. It was a shrunken foot, a little twisted. This defect unquestionably mortified him exceedingly, and helped to put sarcasm and misanthropy into his taste of life. Unfortunately, the usual thoughtlessness of school-boys made him feel it bitterly at Harrow. He would wake, and find his leg in a tub of water. The reader will see (hereafter) how he felt it, whenever it was libelled; and in Italy, the only time I ever knew it mentioned, he did not like the subject, and hastened to change it. His handsome person so far rendered the misfortune greater, as it pictured to him all the occasions on which he might have figured in the eyes of company; and doubtless this was a great reason, why he had no better address. On the other hand, instead of losing him any real regard or admiration, his lameness gave a touching character to both.

He had a delicate white hand, of which he was proud; and he attracted attention to it, by rings. He thought a hand of this description almost the only mark remaining now-a-days of a gentleman; of which it certainly is not, nor of a lady either; though a coarse one implies handiwork. He often appeared holding a handkerchief, upon which his jewelled fingers lay embedded, as in a picture. He was as fond of fine linen, as a Quaker; and had the remnant of his hair oiled and trimmed with all the anxiety of a Sardanapalus. The visible character to which this effeminacy gave rise, appears to have indicated itself as early as his travels in the Levant, where the Grand Signior is said to have taken him for a woman in disguise.

But he had tastes of a more masculine description. He was fond of swimming to the last, and used to push out to a good distance in the gulph of Genoa. He was also a good horseman; and he liked to have a great dog or two about

him, which is not a habit observable in timid men. Yet I doubt greatly whether he was a man of courage. I suspect, that personal anxiety, coming upon a constitution unwisely treated, had no small hand in hastening his death in Greece.

The story of his bold behaviour at sea in a voyage to Sicily, and of Mr. Shelley's timidity, is just reversing what I conceive would have been the real state of the matter, had the voyage taken place. The account is an impudent fiction. Nevertheless, he volunteered voyages by sea, when he might have eschewed them: and yet the same man never got into a coach without being afraid. In short, he was the contradiction his father and mother had made him. To lump together some more of his personal habits, in the style of old Aubrey, he spelt affectedly, swore somewhat, had the Northumbrian burr in his speech, did not like to see women eat, and would merrily say that he had another reason for not liking to dine with them; which was, that they always had the wings of the chicken.—*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries.*

Arcana of Science.

Climate.

In many natural operations, the conversion of water into vapour, and the condensation of vapour, in the form of dew and rain, is a process of the utmost importance, and tends to the equalization of temperature over the globe. The vapour from the earth's surface having been carried into the higher regions of the air, becomes condensed in the form of snow on the mountain tops, and other portions of vapour again descend in the form of rain and dew, to give fertility to the soil, and equalization to the temperature of the earth.—*Brande's Lectures.*

Cotton Rope.

An American paper states, that an individual, of Rhode Island, has recently received a premium, at the Exhibition of Manufactures in that State, for making cotton cord lines. It is stated, that they outlast the hempen lines employed for the same purpose. The inventor thinks that cotton cables would be more durable than hempen, being much finer, and many thousands twined together would be stronger; and there being no tar in the cotton, and the weight only half for the same strength of rope it can evidently be afforded cheaper.

The Ostrich.

In some of our books of natural history it is stated, that the heart and lungs of this bird are separated by a diaphragm; but Mr. Brookes, in a recent lecture at the Zoological Society, on the ostrich which was lately dissected there, stated, that the thorax and abdomen were not separated by a diaphragm; and the drawing which he exhibited of the bird confirmed his statement. He also stated, as a remarkable fact, that the intestinal canal of the ostrich was generally about eighty feet in length, while that of the Cassowary was considerably shorter. The rings in the trachea of this bird exceed two hundred in number; its height was more than nine feet. This bird was a female, which had been in the possession of his Majesty for about two years; it died of obesity, and, from its appearance, its weight must have been, it is presumed, more than one hundred and fifty pounds. Many gentlemen partook of the flesh. It has two stomachs; the first is muscular, and appears to act by trituration; in the other, there is a gastric liquor.—*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

Fossil Plants

A discovery has recently been made, near Scarborough, in Grysthorp Bay, of a large deposit of fossil plants, of the coal formation, presenting many varieties hitherto undescribed, and differing essentially from those of the Newcastle field. They occur in slate clay, alternating with clay, iron, stone, and a thin seam of coal, about half-way below the highwater mark, and are principally stems and leafy impressions of tropical ferns, some finely permeated, and nearly resembling the indigenous species of polypodium; others, again, the asplenium, and have occasionally been found in distinct fructifications. Another species, apparently one of the gramina, is scarcely fossilized, retaining, when separated in small fragments from its stony bed, considerable elasticity and combustibility. Several of the specimens of the frondescant ferns are of large size, and uncommon beauty.

Mining.

Mules employed at the amalgamating mines in Mexico, are opened after death, and from two to seven pounds of silver are often taken out of their stomachs. A writer in Silliman's Journal says he is in possession of a specimen, which is perfectly pure and white.

The Novelist.

THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

Maurice Connor was the king, and that's no small word, of all the pipers in Munster. He could play jig and planxty without end, and Ollistrum's March, and the Eagle's Whistle, and the Hen's Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and kind. But he knew one, far more surprising than the rest, which had in it the power to set everything, dead or alive, dancing.

In what way he learned it is beyond my knowledge, for he was mighty cautious about telling how he came by so wonderful a tune. At the very first note of that tune, the brogues began shaking upon the feet of all who heard it—old or young, it mattered not—just as if their brogues had the ague; then the feet began going—going—going from under them, and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad!—whisking here, there, and everywhere, like a straw in a storm—there was no halting while the music lasted!

Not a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patron in the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of without "blind Maurice and his pipes." His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another, just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for 'tis Daniel O'Connell's country—Maurice Connor and his mother were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy coast and steep mountains: as proper a spot it is as any in Ireland to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But, notwithstanding, in Ballinakellig Bay there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean, smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer's sea on a moonlight night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice's music had brought from all parts a great gathering of the young men and the young women—*O the darlints!*—for 'twas not every day the strand of Trafranka was stirred up by the voice of a bagpipe. The dance began; and as pretty a rinksadda it was as ever was danced. "Brave music," said everybody, "and well done," when Maurice stopped.

"More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows," cried Paddy Dorman, a hump-backed dancing-master, who was there to keep order. "'Tis a pity," said he, "if we'd let the

piper run dry after such music; 'twould be a disgrace to Iveragh, that didn't come on it since the week of the three Sundays." So, as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he: "Did you drink, piper?"

"I will, sir," says Maurice, answering the question on the safe side, for you never yet knew piper or schoolmaster who refused his drink.

"What will you drink, Maurice?" says Paddy.

"I'm no ways particular," says Maurice; "I drink anything, and give God thanks, barring raw water: but if 'tis all the same to you, mister Dorman, may be you wouldn't lend me the loan of a glass of whiskey."

"I've no glass, Maurice," said Paddy; "I've only the bottle."

"Let that be no hindrance," answered Maurice; "my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often I've tried it, sure."

So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle—more fool was he; and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice's mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet, owing to the hole in his throat, it took many a filling.

"That was no bad whiskey, neither," says Maurice, handing back the empty bottle.

"By the holy frost, then!" says Paddy, 'tis but *could* comfort there's in that bottle now; and 'tis your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you've left us no sample to judge by:" and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not at all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water; and in the whole course of my life, I never knew more than five men who could do so without being overtaken by the liquor. Of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy. Don't think I blame him for it; 'tis often a good man's case; but true is the word that says, "when liquor's in sense is out;" and puff, at a breath, before you could say "Lord, save us!" out he lasted his wonderful tune.

"Twas really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humour the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the

work that was going on down upon the strand. Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and plunging about to the music, and every moment more and more would tumble in and out of the water, charmed by the wonderful tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and round on one claw with the nimbleness of a dancing-master, and twirled and tossed their other claws about like limbs that did not belong to them. It was a sight surprising to behold. But perhaps you may have heard of father Florence Conry, a Franciscan friar, and a great Irish poet; *bold an dāna*, as they used to call him—a wallet of poems. If you have not, he was as pleasant a man as one would wish to drink with of a hot summer's day; and he has rhymed out all about the dancing fishes so neatly, that it would be a thousand pities not to give you his verses; so here's my hand at an upset of them into English:

The big seals in motion,
Like waves of the ocean,
Or gouty feet prancing,
Came heading the gay fish,
Crabs, lobsters, and cray fish,
Determined on dancing.

The sweet sounds they follow'd,
The gasping cod swallow'd;
'Twas wonderful, really!
And turbot and flounder,
'Mid fish that were rounder,
Just caper'd as gaily.

John-dories came tripping;
Dull hake by their skipping
To frisk it seem'd given;
Bright mackerel went springing,
Like small rainbows winging
Their flight up to heaven.

The whittier and haddock
Left salt water paddock
This dance to be put in:
Where skate, with flat faces
Edged out some odd places;
But soles kept their footing.

Sprats and herrings in powers
Of silvery showers
All number out-number'd;
And great ling so lengthy
Were there in such plenty
The shore was encumber'd.

The scollop and oyster
Their two shells did roister,
Like castanets fitting;
While limpets moved clearly,
And rocks very nearly
With laughter were splitting.

Never was such an ullabulloo in this world, before or since; 'twas as if heaven and earth were coming together; and all out of Maurice Connor's wonderful tune!

In the height of all these doings, what should there be dancing among the outlandish set of fishes but a beautiful young

woman—as beautiful as the dawn of day! She had a cocked-hat upon her head; from under it her long green hair—just the colour of the sea—fell down behind, without hindrance to her dancing. Her teeth were like rows of pearl; her lips for all the world looked like red coral; and she had an elegant gown, as white as the foam of the wave, with little rows of purple and red sea-weeds settled out upon it; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water or over the water, who had not a good notion of dressing herself out.

Up she danced at last to Maurice, who was flinging his feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—and says she to him, channing it out with a voice as sweet as honey—

"I'm a lady of honour
Who live in the sea;
Come down, Maurice Connor,
And be married to me.
Silver plates and gold dishes
You shall have, and shall be
The king of the fishes,
When you're married to me."

Drink was strong in Maurice's head, and out he chanted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper; therefore 'twas only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am:
Off a gold dish or plate,
If a king, and I had 'em,
Could dine in great state.
With your own father's daughter
I'd be sure to agree;
But to drink the salt water
Wouldn't do so with me!"

The lady looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side like a great scholar, "Well," says she, "Maurice, if you're not a poet, where is poetry to be found?"

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments; one answering the other, and their feet going with the music as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too: Maurice heard the clatter and was afraid to stop playing lest it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what so many of them may take it into their heads to do to him if they got vexed.

Well, the lady with the green hair kept on coaxing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last she overpersuaded him to promise to marry her, and be king over the fishes great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they

wanted one that could make them dance; and he surely would drink, harring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice's mother saw him, with that unnatural thing in the form of a green-haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing down together so lovingly to the water's edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to stop and come back. "Oh, then," says she, "as if I was not widow enough before, there he is going away from me to be married to that scaly woman. And who knows but 'tis grandmother I may be to a hake or a cod.—Lord help and pity me, but 'tis a mighty unnatural thing!—and may be 'tis boiling and eating my own grandchild I'll be, with a bit of salt butter, and I not knowing it!—Oh, Maurice, Maurice, if there's any love or nature left in you, come back to your own *ould* mother, who reared you like a decent christian!"

Then the poor woman began to cry and ullagoane so finely that it would do any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the rim of the water; there he kept playing and dancing on as if nothing was the matter, and a great thundering way coming in towards him ready to swallow him up alive; but as he could not see it, he did not fear it. His mother it was who saw it plainly through the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks; and though she saw it, and her heart was aching as much as ever mother's heart ached for a son, she kept dancing, dancing, all the time for the bare life of her. Certain it was she could not help it, for Maurice never stopped playing that wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered ear to the sound of his mother's voice, fearing it might put him out in his steps, and all the answer he made back was—

"Whisht with you, mother—sure I'm going to be king over the fishes down in the sea, and for a token of luck, and a sign that I'm alive and well, I'll send you in, every twelvemonth on this day, a piece of burned wood to Trafraska." Maurice had not the power to say a word more, for the strange lady with the green hair seeing the wave just upon them, covered him up with herself in a thing like a cloak with a big hood to it, and the wave curling over twice as high as their heads, burst upon the strand, with a rush and a roar that might be heard as far as Cape Clear.

That day twelvemonth the piece of burned wood came ashore in Trafraska. It was a queer thing for Maurice to think of sending all the way from the bottom

of the sea. A gown or a pair of shoes would have been something like a present for his poor mother; but he had said it, and he kept his word. The bit of burned wood regularly came ashore on the appointed day for as good, ay, and better than a hundred years. The day is now forgotten, and may be that is the reason why people say how Maurice Connor has stopped sending the luck-token to his mother. Poor woman, she did not live to get as much as one of them; for what through the loss of Maurice, and the fear of eating her own grandchildren, she died in three weeks after the dance—some say it was the fatigue that killed her, but whichever it was, Mrs. Connor was decently buried with her own people.

Seafaring people have often heard, off the coast of Kerry, on a still night, the sound of music coming up from the water; and some, who have had good ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice Connor's voice singing these words to his pipes:—

"Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand,
Thy crystal water, and diamond sand;
Never would I have parted from thee
But for the sake of my fair ladie."

Croker's Fairy Legends, Part II.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

DEATH'S "RETURN" FOR 1827.

OUR grave friends, the "Company of Parish Clerks," have made their annual appearance, with their black-bordered and black-lettered "Bill" of Death's fare, just to show us how "wags the world," and to furnish a paragraph for the *Times* and other newspapers, near what are technically called "the deaths," and in the same form as the *Als* and *Porter Brewers' Metern* for the year; if Mr. Accum be right, there is more connexion between these two "Returns" than is generally supposed. However, here is the "General Bill," with its parishes, diseases, casualties, christenings, and burials,—as regular as the Lord Mayor's bill of fare on his day; while here

Keeps Death his antic court.

The *Malthusians* will rejoice to hear that the christenings exceed the burials, as heretofore, by 7,633. There is *primæ facie*, an increase in the burials reported this year of 1,534, but the good clerks, compassionating the many thousands whose nerves such a fact would probably annihilate, explain this increase by stating that it arises principally from two years being included in the return from St. Leonard, Shoreditch. How the return was omitted last year, we know not; but

in the present bill some parishes have neglected to make a return; which is stated in a note, lest the public should imagine that neither christening nor burial took place in each parish, which might lead some credulous people to conclude that there was neither birth nor death within their walls, and accordingly remove thence forthwith, as they would to *Arundis*, could they find it. The "diseases and casualties" are indeed a sickly catalogue—not of sweets. We only give the suicides, which are 44, just to enable our readers to detect the lies of the *Fench Journalists*, who are apt to celebrate us for this gloomy predilection. The *Sleeping and drowning* do not so much belong to our dead weight character as they would make it appear, and the joke is now too stale to be tolerated.

SEASONABLE COUNSELS.

In an *Almanac*, dated from the Council-Room of a learned University and Society, are the following trite remarks:—*December*: "Preservation of Health.—The convivial meetings, and the heated rooms consequent upon them, are the sources of many diseases in the month. Warm clothing, temperance, and regular hours, are, therefore, essential.—*January*: Children are prevented by promoting the circulation in the fingers and the feet by friction.—*February*: No person should take medicine in this month without advice.—*April*: The best spring physic is sulphur and cream of tartar.—*July*: Frequently change linen, and take off flannel which has been worn next the skin.—*November*: The body must now be dressed in flannel."

We were not aware that the united labours of a "Society" were requisite to repeat what old Parr and our grandmothers told us long ago. *Puff*, (in the *Critic*), "Really this is too much."

DR. WARREN expired, saying, "there was no use in physic;" as Brutus did exclaiming, "Virtue was no more than a name." But though there may be no use in taking physic, there is a great deal in giving it. The doctor left, it is said, one hundred and fifty thousand proofs of this utility.

Epigram in our last—at page 455, the Epigram should be

A man of words and wit of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds—
and not of "seeds" as there written by our Correspondent.

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